

The Saturday Evening Post.

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SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Readers, dost thou cast a curious eye
On verse, or tale, or libidinous spy;
Anecdote, or Epigram, or prose;
Or thought that might Youth's fervid feeling
Kindle in a Virgin's cheek a blush;
Or look in vain—for, SACRED TO THE
FAIR,

A guard this column with peculiar care;
To guard what'er for them unmeet may seem,
The author, and what'er the theme,
With the polished pen of genius writ,
Coming with humour, and replete with wit.
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought
Shall line which, dying, we would wish to blot,
Or find a place—nor ever shall our page
Be covert with virtue wage.
Faithful (tho' humble) in our COUNTRY'S
cause,
Independence, Constitution, Laws,
Religion, Liberty, Wealth, Power and Fame,
Our ardent love, and utmost efforts claim;
And, as our duty is, our pride shall be,
To preserve THE POST CHASTE, VIGI-
LANT, and FREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
LINES TO B. B.
Admired Bard, did nature e'er intend
That fang'd misfortunes should impede thy way,
That sorrow with each transient hour should blind
And gloom despair, hail ev'ry new-born day.
See did thy bosom throb with fond delight,
When infant pleasures met thy ardent view,
But yet those hours too soon by rapid flight,
Have left thee now to feel the pangs of woe.

For oft does memory pain thy gentle breast,
While vainly lingering o'er departed joys,
And often has thy clouded brow express'd
How sorrow's gloom, thy native peace destroys.
And can each sigh, oppression's woes relieve,
Or help to stem afflictions thorny dart,
Oh! no, thy plaintive force can ne'er retrieve
The torpid sorrows of a broken heart.
But may fond hope in sweet illusions spread
A dream of bliss, thy sorrows to repress,
And though endearing moments long have fled,
For joys departed yield a kind redress.
And while the genial streams of life shall warm
That bosom which by care and grief oppress'd,
May Heaven receive it safe from every harm,
And all thy future hours with peace be blest.
ELLEN.

Counterfeit \$5 notes on Girard's bank, which
it is likely are the same as those which were
lately put in circulation in this city, have been
offered for sale at Fredericktown, Md. within
a few days past, as low as 25 or 30 cents for a single
one. The person who was willing to effect the
disposal of them, made off before those who were
inclined to interfere in such a case were apprised
of the circumstance. He will probably continue
the traffic until he has secured for himself quar-
ters in some penitentiary—which we wish may be
one with a Tread Mill attached to it, so that he
may be required in full for such nefarious prac-
tices.

Some daring villain has made an attempt to
burn the premises of the Deaf and Dumb Institu-
tion in this city. One hundred dollars has been
offered for the detection of the designing necer-
diary.—When such hardihood is discovered rag-
ing in the human breast, it behoves the vigilan-
co-operation of all who are interested in the wel-
being of society to ferret out the offender, and
bring him to a just and merited punishment.

THE PEN.
Pens were first made of the reed; and its char-
acter as a reed, contrasted with its character as a
pen, furnishes an exact and beautiful illustra-
tion of the difference between barbarous and civil-
ized man.
I was a useless thing—a lonely reed!
No blossom hung its beauty on the weed;
Alone in summer's sun and winter's gloom,
I breath'd no fragrance and I wore no bloom.
No cluster wreath'd me; day and night I pin'd
On the wild moor, and wither'd in the wind.
At length a wanderer found me—from my side
He smooth'd the pale decaying leaves and dyed
My lips in Helicon!—from that high hour
I spoke!—My words were flame and living power,
And there was sweetness round me—never fell
Ere a sweeter dew upon the lily's bell—
I shone—night fled!—as if a trumpet call'd,
Man's spirit rose, pure, fiery, disenthral'd!
Tyrant of earth—ye saw your light decline,
When I stood forth a wonder and a sign!
To me the iron sceptre was a wand,
The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
I smote the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
I smote the snail, and I broke the chain;
Or towering o'er them all, without a plume,
I pierc'd the purple air, the tempest's gloom—
The burst of Olympian splendour on my eye;
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—Infinity!

WOMAN.
The good government of families leads to the
comfort of communities and the welfare of states.
Of every domestic circle woman is the centre.—
Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy, home
is the empire of woman. There she plans, di-
rects, performs, the acknowledged source of
domestic felicity. Where female virtue is
most pure, female sense is most improved, fe-
male deportment most correct, there is most pro-
prietory of social manners. The early years of
childhood, those most precious years of life and
opening season, are confined to woman's super-
intendence; she therefore may be presumed to
lay the foundation of all virtue, and all the wis-
dom that enriches the world.

THE SCOTCH PREACHER.

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the
earth, and all as yet was silent at the sepulchre:
Death held his sceptre over the Son of God;
still and silent the hours pass on: the guard
moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their
spear: the enemies of Christ exulted in their
success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in
despondency and sorrow: the spirits of glory
waited in anxious suspense to behold the event,
and wondered at the depth of the ways of God.—
At length the morning star, arising in the east,
announced the approach of light; the third day
began to dawn upon the world; when on a sud-
den the earth trembled to its centre, and the
powers of heaven were shaken: an Angel of God
descended, the guards shrunk back from the ter-
ror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the
ground: his countenance was like lightning, and
his raiment as white as snow: he rolled away the
stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat up-
on it. "But who is this that cometh forth from
the tomb—with dyed garments from the bed of
death?" He that is glorious in his appearance,
walking in the greatness of his strength! It is
thy Prince, O Zion,—Christians! it is your Lord.
He hath trodden the wine press alone; he hath
stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the
first born from the womb of nature, he meets the
morning of his resurrection! he arises a conquer-
or from the grave; he returns with blessings from
the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the
sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher
in a day so glorious! it was the jubilee of the uni-
verse: "the morning stars sung together, and all
the sons of God shouted aloud for joy." The
Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in
the heavens; with complacency he beheld his
world restored; he saw his work that it was
good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of
nature was gladdened before him, when the bless-
ings of the Eternal descended as the dew of
heaven for the refreshing of the nations."
We can only express our thoughts of the Cre-
ator in the words of his creation; and the bright-
est of these can only give us some faint shadows
of his greatness and his glory. The strongest fig-
ures are too weak, the most exalted language
too low, to express his ineffable excellence. We
have no instances to produce of any writers that
rise at to the majesty and dignity of the divine
attributes, except the sacred penmen. No less
than divine inspiration could enable men to write
worthy of God, and none but the spirit of God
knew how to express his greatness and display
his glory.

SYMPATHY.

"Come then with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine."
It is a pure stream that swells the tide of sym-
pathy—it is an excellent heart that interests itself
in the feelings of others—it is a heaven-like disposi-
tion that engages the affections, and exerts the
sympathetic tear for the misfortunes of a friend.
Mankind are ever subject to ills, infirmities and
disappointments. Every breast, at some particu-
lar period, experiences sorrow and distress. Pains
and perplexities are long-lived plagues of human
existence, but sympathy is the balm that heals
these wounds. If a person, who has lost a pre-
cious friend, can find another who will feelingly
participate in his misfortune, he is well high com-
pensated for his loss. And delightful is the task,
to a feeling mind, of softening the painful pillow
of the sick, amusing the thoughts of the unhappy,
and alleviating the tortures of the afflicted.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THINGS AS THEY SHOULD BE.

1. Such is the improvement in the morals of the
children and younger classes in society, that
scarcely an oath is heard, and little fighting or
disorder is seen.
2. The poorer orders are generally industrious
and frugal. The taverns have very few visitors;
and a drunkard has become quite a rarity.
3. Our females are paragons of modesty. You
may pass them at any hour, and no impudent re-
marks are made by them. They seem really to
have discovered that they can recommend them-
selves quite as well to the notice of the respecta-
ble part of the community, by maintaining the
dignity of their own sex, as by wearing brazen
faces, and loose tongues and dress.
4. The affluent young men of our city, instead
of wasting their estates as formerly in sensuality,
are devising and prosecuting plans for meliorating
the distresses of their less favoured fellow-beings;
and you see them now searching out meritorious
indigence, and enjoying "the luxury of doing
good." The grateful song of the widow and the
orphan is their music, and they had rather shed
tears of humanity over real distress, than pay like
fools for theatrical or romantic representations of it.
5. Scarcely any churches building, but much
practical piety.

OBSERVER.

ON THE VALUE OF HEALTH.

The possession of good health is one of
those blessings the value of which we are
too apt lightly to appreciate until we are
stretched on the bed of sickness, and made
a prey to the pains of the body, heightened
by the distresses of the mind. That
buoyancy of spirit which gave elasticity to
every step in the day of strength, is torn
away from our hold in the period of sick-
ness, and the limbs are rendered as nerve-
less and weak as the decayed branch of a
tree before the blast of autumn. The com-
placency loses all its varied expression, and
those lineaments that gave forth the senti-
ments of the inmost soul, now indicate
nothing but insensibility, apathy, or pain.
Sickness reduces the strong man to the
weakness and helplessness of a child, leaving
him at the same time a portion of thought
and judgment sufficient only to
aggravate the misery of his condition.
Such a state is but the union of infant weak-
ness with manly mind; and the struggle is
painful to bear, until the equilibrium is re-
stored, either by the restoration of good
health to calm the agitated mind, or by the
prostration of the mental powers to a level
with the bodily weakness.

If we examine with a curious eye, we must
be astonished at the frail thread on
which hang the deepest laid plans of indi-

vidual enterprise. The merchant sits down
at his desk and arranges a commercial ex-
pedition to the most distant parts of the
world, which a breath of wind, an article of
food, or a morning's exhalation, may frus-
trate for ever.

The lawyer has contemplated all the
bearings of an important case, and laid out
every point and authority in their proper
places in his mind—but a fit of sickness,
brought on by some trifling incident, comes
upon him unawares, and sweeps away every
vestige of that intellectual superstructure.
The tongue of eloquence, while it discourses
on the things of eternity, may be shrivel-
led at the approach of sickness; and the
hand of charity may be withered, as it re-
aches out its pittance to the son of misfor-
tune.

But the enjoyment of our existence is
felt in the highest degree during a period
of good health. Every feeling plays its
part, and every thought does its duty.
The rising of the sun is beheld with a de-
gree of pleasure bordering on rapture, and
his sinking down in the West creates a me-
lancholy sentiment, indeed, but with plea-
sure, however, for the better half of its com-
position. The waves of the ocean, chasing
one another over the bosom of the bound-
less deep, give the imagination, as well as
the senses, an inexpressible delight; and
the clouds, of various colors, travelling over
the blue vault of Heaven, present a perpe-
tual feast to the fancy, and dispel all gloomy
forebodings from that delightful faculty.—
Fine weather is a luxury: and good health
can only enjoy it.

SINGULAR DIALOGUE.

When we remark that the following facetious
dialogue, (extracted from a very scarce work), is
from the admirable pen of the late Dr. Sheridan,
of literary memory, we say enough to induce the
reader to peruse it with attention. The author
was on a visit to a distant relation, a sprightly
female, who had been married about ten years.—
Her husband was a son of a gentleman, who loved his bot-
tle, and provided he could enjoy the present mo-
ment, never thought of the next. "We were in-
troduced," says the author, "and found the table
covered with excellent viands, and a bottled spark-
ling champagne. This sunshine was for a moment
darkened by an envious cloud, which sometimes
darkens the matrimonial sky—even the most serene.
When the husband entered, the following conver-
sation commenced." (Mr. Sheridan calls it a
"Receipt to brew a Storm.")

Husband. Woman—aye!—Wife. You are always
railing at our sex.—H. And without a reason!—
W. Without either rhyme or reason: you'd be
miserable beings without us, for all that.—H.
Sometimes there's no general rule without an ex-
ception: I could name some very good women.—
W. Without the head, I suppose.—H. With a
head, and with a heart too.—W. That's a wonder
—H. It would be a still greater, if I could not
—W. For instance, there's Mrs. Dawson, the best of
wives, always at home, whenever you call, always
neat and clean, sober and discreet.—W. I wish
you were tied to her!—Always at home!—The
greatest gossip in the parish; she may well smile,
she has nothing to ruffle her temper.—H. And
clean.—she can take a glass as well as her neigh-
bours; discreet.—that's another word—but I detest
scandal! I'm surprised you don't say she is hand-
some!—H. So she is in my eyes.—W. You're a
fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of
beauty: what do you think of her nose?—H. She
is a fine woman in spite of her nose.—W. Fine
features make fine fowls: she can paint her red-
dressed cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.—H. You can
do the same, if you please.—W. My cheeks do
not want paint, nor my eye-brows penciling.—H.
True: the rose of beauty is on your cheeks, and
your brow is the bow of Cupid.—W. You once
thought so; but that moving mummy Molly Daw-
son is your favourite. She's—let me see—no
gossip; and yet she's found in every house but her
own: she is so silent, too, when she has all the
clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as a six-
pence with talking; with a pair of eyes burnt in
the socket, and painted panels too! and then, as to
scandal!—but her tongue's no scandal!—H.—
Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a
white sheet.—W. By—? you would provoke a
saint.—H. You seem to be getting into a passion.
—W. Is it a wonder? A white sheet! You ought
to be tossed in a blanket, and hanged! I can't
forget that word as you—H. The charms of a
senseless fellow as you.—W. He charms of me, I'll fling
this dish at your head.—H. Well, I have done.—
But I have not done: I wish I had drawn myself
the first day I saw you.—H. It is not too late.—
W. I'd see you hung first.—H. You'd be the
first to cut me down.—W. Then I ought to be
tied up in your stead.—H. I'd cut you down.—
W. You would.—H. Yes, but I'd take care you
were dead first.—W. I can't bear this any longer!
—H. Then it is time for me to withdraw: I see
by your eyes that the storm is collecting.—W.—
And it shall burst on your head.—H. I'll save
my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better
than a bad battle. (Husband flies, the dish flies
after him.)

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To uphold the deserving, exhibit the talents
and genius of native authors in a true light, and
applaud where praise is due, undoubtedly consti-
tute an important and (ought to be where every
poison not) pleasing duty in every votary of
transatlantic literature.—With this impression,
Messrs. Editors, and conscious that my extracts
will corroborate my due commendations, it will
be the object of this communication to render to
Mr. Fairfield, a young American poet of beautiful
taste, and genius, though unobscuredly neg-
lected, the tribute due to his youthful productions.
Possessed, as is apparent from his poems, of the
deepest sensibility, the tinge of a gentle, though
sometimes profound melancholy will be found to
pervade all his effusions. Perhaps this is a fault;
but it is a very venial one—for it is not united to a
sullen, sneering, sarcastic misanthropy. He ex-
hibits beautiful objects in all their beautiful hues
of fancy and imagination, but robes them in the
shades of mutability and decay. Many touching
examples of this might be produced, but it is so
characteristic of all poets that quotations are un-
necessary to verify the assertion.—A deep and

soul glowing energy, couched in classical and
powerful language, which perhaps a mere prose
writer would denominate extravagance, is another
quality of this author. He thinks with intensity;
and, as a natural consequence, describes vividly,
but sometimes generalises too much; leaving an
impression of awe and power on the mind of the
reader, without a definite object, in which the
mental energies can centre. This will be corrected
by progressive cultivation, and the experience
of years; for Mr. F. it is understood, is only
twenty.

We quote a few examples to enforce and illu-
strate our remarks. This is from a very senti-
mental (Mr. F. is always sentimental) piece, en-
titled *Dead Beauty*.

"Ah! can immortal spirits view,
From heaven's bespangled portals high,
The glistening friends who oft renew
The sad lament, and heave the sigh!
Can mind such rapturous converse hold,
And shed on earth an Eden's bloom,
Or linger on those streets of gold
Nor pass the vale, nor heed the tomb?"
The following is in a different mood:
"Oh! who can love this dull cold sphere,
Where man brooks nought of heavenly form,
Where warms the pall, and cracks the bier,
Surfing the viper, gnaws the worm?
Love is deceit, ambition guile,
Fame a bright shadow, beauty dust,
Honour destruction, wealth a wile,
Glory is death, and virtue's curst."
From a pathetic piece denominated *The Wan-
derer*, we extract the following:

"The saint, who clasp'd me to his breast,
The voice, that hush'd my woes to rest,
The love, imbued among the blest,
Have sought their silent mansion;
The heart, untainted, high, sincere,
The full soul, unconfin'd by sphere,
Have been by vipers rendered sear,
And burst in their expansion."

The volume, from which these are taken was
published last winter in New-York; and all the
poems in it (as stated in the preface) were written
at the early age of nineteen. We extract the
following from an anonymous pamphlet, written
by Mr. Fairfield, containing two most energetic
and beautiful poems, called *The Mosaic Mount*,
and *The Voice*, published a few days since, and
for sale in this city: this is most mournfully touch-
ing, and quite equal to the best of Percival's
imagery:

"The oak's long branches on the fanning gale
Took their green platted foliage, and faint
The full-orb'd moon gleam'd through the density
Of leafy umbrage, like the trembling light
Of days dimly remembered, and only seen
Dusky, amid the twilight of the soul,
I through the entangled vista of the year,
And cyprus, leading to the sepulchre
Of buried love, and slumbering passion gone!"
The Mosaic Mount abounds in delightful figures
—this for example—
"Soft and dew-rub'd sleep,"
he says,
"Flings her embalming vestments o'er his lids,
That close like dying infant—aid upon
The cradling bosom of its mother."
Comparing virtue in this world, he says it is
like—
"Innocence seated on the sepulchre.
Of hope departed, smiling yet—but like
The smiles upon the cold, damp brow of death."

This poetry (in the highest sense of the word,)
is its own recommendation; we conclude therefore
without other comment than wishing the author
fame and profit.
H. C. C.

COLLECTANEA.

FRENCH TAVERNS.

The interior economy of our own taverns
might, in many respects, be bettered by an imi-
tation of our Gallic neighbours. No Parisian en-
ters their public dining rooms without taking off
his hat, and bowing to the presiding deity of the
bar. Taking his place in silence, and perusing
the closely printed folio carte with a penetration
proportioned to its bewildering diversity, he fi-
nally makes his selection, writes down the arti-
cles of his choice, and even the quantity of each,
so as to prevent all mistake, upon slips of paper,
deposited on every table for that purpose, hands
the record to an attendant, and betakes himself
patiently to a newspaper until his orders appear
before him in all their smoking reality. There is
rarely any calling of the waiter, and there are no
bells to ring, the number and activity of the at-
tendants generally rendering both processes un-
necessary. If occasionally absent, the edge of a
knife tapped against a wingglass forms a fairy bell
quite sufficient to summon them to their posts,
although I could never divine by what anticlar
sympathy they recognize the clime of every ta-
ble. Shortly after dinner the guests call for cof-
fee, and betake themselves, with a volubility
bow, to their own avocations or the theatres in
winter, to a promenade or a chair in some of the
public gardens if it be in the summer. Ladies of
the first respectability are habitual diners at the
restaurants, contributing, as might be expect-
ed, to the perfect decorum of the assemblage,
and even (as might not be expected,) to its sil-
ence. Surely some of these coffee-house amu-
sities might be beneficially imported, especially
the temperance, from a country where wine,
instead of six or eight shillings, costs exactly the
number of pence per bottle. I recommend to my
countrymen, that this "be in their flowing cups
freely remembered."

THE WRY MOUTH.

Renard, a physician of Paris, piqued
himself on his extraordinary sharp-sighted-
ness. One day on calling to visit a pa-
tient, he found an old abbe playing a soler
game at piquet with him. "What are you
doing here, monsieur l'Abbe?" exclaimed
Renard: "go home and get bled immedi-
ately. You have not a moment to lose."
The abbe was so terrified by this addres-
that he was unable to stir: he was, there-
fore, conveyed home and put to bed. Ren-
ard followed him, and directed that he
should be bled three or four times; he then
prescribed an emetic, and every time he
called, he found the abbe worse and worse.
On the third day, the patient's brother was
summoned from the country. He hur-
ried to town, and was informed that his

brother was dying. Renard was in his
chamber when he entered. "For God's
sake," said he, "what is the matter with
my brother?" "He has had a violent at-
tack of apoplexy, without being aware of
it," replied Renard. "Fortunately I met
with him at a patient's where I called, and
discovered it by his mouth, which was
drawn awry." "Good Heavens!" rejoined
the brother of the supposed dying abbe,
"my brother has had a wry mouth these
sixty years." "Why was I not told so
before!" exclaimed Renard, "it would
have saved me much trouble, and him
much unnecessary expense. 'Tis no fault
of mine."

BUONAPARTE.

About a month after the return of the French
army to Cairo, a Turkish squadron arrived at
Aboukir; and in announcing this event to the people
of that city, Buonaparte used the following ex-
pressions, persuasive of his adherence to the Moham-
medan faith. "On board that fleet," said he, "there
are Russians, who hold in horror all that believe
in the unity of God, because, according to their
lies, they believe that there are three Gods; but
they will soon see that it is not the number of
Gods that strength consists." The Mussulman who
embarks in a ship where the cross is flying, he
who hears the only God blasphemed, is worse than
an infidel!"
After the surrender of the French army, Sir
W. Sidney Smith, visited the Holy City, where the
following anecdote of Buonaparte was related to
him by the superior of a convent: When Gen.
Dumas had advanced with a detachment of the
French army, within a few leagues of Jerusalem,
he sent to his commander in chief to leave to make
an attack upon that place. Buonaparte replied,
that "When he had taken Acre, he would come in
person and plant the tree of liberty in the very spot
where Christ suffered; and that the first French
soldier who fell in the attack, should be buried in
the Holy Sepulchre." Sir W. Sidney Smith, was the
first christian ever suffered by the barbarians to go
into Jerusalem armed, or even to enter it in the
dress of a Frank; his followers, and all who visit-
ed it by his means, were allowed the same privi-
leges.

THE HUMAN BODY.

The resisting and modulating powers of the
living body, (says Dr. Waterhouse) are among the
most wonderful things of our nature. Water will
be consolidated to ice, at about 30 degrees of Fah-
renheit's thermometer.—But the living human body
will maintain its own heat of 98 degrees in an at-
mosphere of 15 or 20 degrees below 0; and what
is surprising it maintains its natural heat of 98, in
an atmosphere heated artificially to 200 degrees.
Whence we learn that the human body is en-
dowed with the power of resisting, a long time,
the destructive effects of heat, and the equally
destructive effects of cold. Every person is sur-
rounded by an atmosphere of his own perspiration,
If this be blown away, and he be long exposed to
the greater coldness of the common air, disorder
to the body most commonly follows. We are as-
sured, that the free effusion of cold water over
the skin is the most salutary remedy which can
be adopted in the hot stages of ardent fever, and
that it carries off the depressing sensations of heat,
moderates the pulse, and renders the tongue
cleaner and moist, and lessens the pain of the
head and loins; and the whole febrile condition is
greatly relieved, and the disorder abridged.

SKELETONS.

In the centre of the Museum at Dublin, is sus-
pended the skeleton of a grampus, fifteen or
twenty feet in length. The preparations in this
museum are numerous and valuable: among them
are two rare and celebrated specimens. One of
these is the skeleton of one Clark, a native of
Cork, who it is said was a young man of surpris-
ing strength and agility; but having once laid
night in a field, after indulging in great disipa-
tion, the left part of his body began to mofify,
and the process continued, by slow degrees, until
every part grew into a bony substance, excepting
his skin, eyes and entrails. His joints became
stiffened, so that he could neither bend his body,
lie down nor rise up without assistance: when
placed upright, like a statue, he could stand, but
could not move no more than if dead. His teeth
were joined and formed into one entire bone, so
that it became necessary to break a hole through
them to convey liquid substances, to preserve a
miserable life. His tongue lost its use, and his
sight left him some time before he expired.—
This preparation shows the progress of this sin-
gular instance of disease, a parallel to which is
not perhaps to be found in any other collection.

THE DEBTOR.—The slave can snuff the morn-
ing breeze, sport and gambol with his fellows in
the field, carress his wife and children. No morn-
ing breeze fans the hot atmosphere of a jail, no
companions but murderers and thieves commune
with the debtor; no wife, no children, they are se-
parated from him; his image haunts them through
the day, his melancholy apparition "disurbs the
slumber of the cradle." He feels "that the world
is not his friend, nor the world's laws; yea he im-
agines the world is his tomb, in which he must re-
tain a living consciousness of his interment from
his family and society."

To be born a slave, and live a slave, is better
than to be born a freeman to be brought up in in-
visible love of liberty, but to live in disgrace and
contempt in a jail. Where is the scholar who can
read Johnson's description of the unhappy fate of
his beloved authors in this world, without indig-
nation?

There are what ills the scholar's life assail,
Foul, envy, want, the patron and the jail.
There have been scholars, who for trifling debts,
Have looked through iron gates upon a world
which they have improved and humanized more
than all the misers that ever can exist. Justice
may be done their memories, but the vile laws
which consign them to dungeons infected with
the vile breath of criminals, still hang over the un-
profitable studies of those who are now following
their tracks to fame and to imprisonment.

See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust;
Seven wealthy cities claim a Homer dead,
Thro' which a living Homer begg'd his bread.

GAMBLING.—This vice of all ages, of all
countries, and of all states and conditions of men
—lost to all sense of religion, of honour, of affec-
tion or shame, the deluded victim goes on, till re-
duced by loss, and having exhausted every re-
source, he looks round in stupid despair upon the
ruin he has caused, and then by one desperate ef-
fort, seeks to rid himself at once of desperate ef-
of existence. This is not the tale of to-day nor
of yesterday; but one which has been as often told
as there have been generations of men, and as of-
ten unheeded. The wandering savage relaxes
from the chase, or from war, to pass his hours in
the excitement of play. He stakes his arms, his
garments of skins, and frequently his personal

Among the numerous instances of longevity by which our city is distinguished, we are happy to learn that the venerable and respectable Mr. Charles H. Williams, of the city of Philadelphia, has attained the age of ninety-three years. He was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 11th of March, 1730, and has since that time resided in the city of Philadelphia. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Society for the Relief of the Poor, and was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Dispensary. He was also a member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural History, and was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Museum of Natural History. He was a man of great industry and energy, and was always ready to assist in any good cause. He was a man of great piety and devotion, and was always ready to assist in any good cause. He was a man of great piety and devotion, and was always ready to assist in any good cause.

Impediments of Speech.
MR. WILLIAM CHAPMAN, No. 127, Pine Street, Philadelphia, having cured himself of a long and distressing impediment of speech, is desirous that such persons as are labouring under any difficulty of utterance, will not delay the trial of his Course of Instruction, since many have had recourse to it, and found it efficacious.
Mrs. Chapman begs leave to inform those who may have the misfortune to have daughters afflicted with stammering, that she receives ladies under her care; she, having for seventeen years been a teacher of the various branches which constitute an English education, will, if required, instruct young ladies who may be placed with her, in any of the several branches: they can likewise be instructed in Music, French, Drawing of Maps and Painting on Velvet. Parents and guardians may rest assured that every attention will be paid by Mr. and Mrs. C. not only to their acquiring a correct and easy articulation, but likewise to their moral and deportment.
Mr. C. will also instruct young gentlemen in such branches as they may require. Pupils will have the use of Maps, Globes, and a Library of well selected books.
Those persons who are anxious to be cured of stammering, will not doubt be gratified with a perusal of the annexed extracts of certificates and letters, the originals of which can be seen by calling on Mr. C. and reference given to the authors.
The stations which some gentlemen hold in society will not admit of their names being inserted in the public papers, therefore such extracts have been affixed to them, the parties have requested privacy; but have no objection to an interview with individuals who may be desirous of conversing with them.
It is requested that letters of inquiry concerning terms, &c. should be post paid.
Extract of a letter from a gentleman residing in Philadelphia to a gentleman residing in England, in relation to the impediment of speech.
While I was pursuing the application, I was not prevented attending to business; there is nothing in it that subjects the pupil to any inconvenience, it is calculated to promote the attainment of a perfect and easy articulation. Before I knew Mr. Chapman, I suffered so much as to be nearly deprived of the pleasure arising from social intercourse, and to be almost incapacitated for the transaction of public business. I could not talk five minutes without stammering in such a manner that I could not be understood. I have ever been troubled with stammering. Mr. Chapman's mode of treating the complaint is such, that any person who attends to it, must be eventually cured.
Extract of a letter from Mr. Harkish Price, of Baltimore, to his correspondent in Philadelphia, in relation to the impediment of speech.
On the receipt of yours of the 29th ult. I called on Mr. Chapman for the purpose of obtaining as much information on the subject of your letter as I possibly could. After some conversation with him, he put into my hands his printed testimonials, at the same time referring me to individuals in the city, who could attest to the validity of his pretensions to a knowledge of the mode of effectually removing impediments of speech: he has relieved a number in this place, but his greatest cure was in the case of a gentleman in one of our Banks, upon whom I called, but he being confined in his room with sickness, of course did not see him. I however learned from some of his friends, that he had been entirely relieved from an impediment and confirmed impediment in his speech by attending to Mr. Chapman's course of instruction: other cases were mentioned which were corroborated by the testimony of those on whom I called, and judging from these facts, as well as from Mr. Chapman's character and standing in society, I have no doubt of his ability to accomplish what he promises: his plan of instruction is deep, secret, so that we can form no idea of its feasibility, further than judging by its effect, which is successful in all cases that come under his notice. It is sufficient, let the method be what it may. On the whole I would say, that the result of my enquiries has impressed on my mind so much confidence in his ability, that were I afflicted with the complaint in question, I should at once make trial of his skill, with the hope of being relieved.
R. M. M. J.

Public Sale of Plants.
At the Moyamensing Botanic Garden, Prime St. (Love Lane), 8th house above Eighth, near Eleventh street, on MONDAY, the 12th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. a large and extensive variety of beautiful and rare Plants; also, Bulbous Roots. The plants may be seen at any time previous to the sale, at the Garden. oct 11-12

Chester Ward Hotel & Oyster-House.
DANCE OF THE 30th Fourth Street, near Market. JOHN CLULEY respectfully informs his friends and fellow citizens generally, that he has added Oysters to his Tavern Establishment, where the best Oysters can, at all times be had, raw, roasted, stewed, fried, spiced, or in the shell. Also, Oyster Pie, &c. Private Rooms for supper parties, and Supper provided at the shortest notice. His bar is always furnished with the best Wine and Liquors, where he hopes a continuance of public patronage. oct 11-12

JOSEPH RAKESTRAW.
No. 236 N. 3rd Street, proposes republishing the following select interesting Works, viz. THE CHRISTIAN QUAKER, and his Divine Testimony stated and vindicated; treating of the Divine Light or Principle of God in Man, as sufficient for Salvation, with an Explanation of the Atonement, &c. by William Penn and George Whitehead.
THE SANDY FOUNDATION SHAKEN, reflecting from scripture the vulgar doctrine of Satisfaction, Impulsive Righteousness, and the Trinity, or God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons, and Innocency with open Jews, wherein the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is fully asserted. William Penn.
THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF CHRIST WITHIN. by George Whitehead.
The whole will be comprised in one volume Octavo, of about 350 pages; to be printed on fine paper and good type, and to be delivered to subscribers at \$1.50 in boards, or \$1.875 bound in leather. If sufficient encouragement should be given, the work will be put to press without delay. Any person obtaining ten subscribers, shall have one copy gratis. 10 mo 11-12

FOR SALE.
SEVERAL first rate eight day Clocks, will be sold low, and warranted. Apply at No. 65 Arch street, between Second and Third streets. oct 11-12

BURNS TAVERN, BANK-STREET.
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the lovers of Liberty and civility, that his Free and Easy Room is opened for the season, and will continue every Saturday and Monday evening during the winter. His Room is handsomely decorated and divided with Green & every, and nothing shall be wanting on his part to render his guests comfortable and agreeable.
He returns his warmest acknowledgments to his friends for their friendship these three seasons past, and trusts to merit a further patronage. Refreshments ready at Whisky Punch as usual. A good Band of Musicians. oct 11-12

Circus.
THE Public are respectfully informed that Mr. Hunter is engaged for a short time, and will make his 4th appearance.
This Evening, Oct. 11,
The evening's Entertainment is to commence with the Grand Entree, with a magnificent display of beautiful Horses.
Bill Vaulting, by the whole Troop.
The American spotted horse General Jackson, will go through his wonderful performance.
Grand Trampoline, by Master Whittaker, in which he will throw a surprising Somersault over a number of Horses.
Horsemanship, by the whole troop of Flying Phenomena.
Glover's Act of Horsemanship, by Yeoman.
Horsemanship, by Mr. Hunter, who will ride without saddle or bridle—the horse going at full speed. He will perform a great variety of feats of agility never before exhibited, and the great leap over the Canvas nine feet wide.
In the course of the evening, the favourite Farce of the TURNPIKE GATE.
The whole to conclude with the "Hunted Tailor." Box, 50 cents—Children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families, at 25 cents—Pia 25 cents.

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